

EXTRA! DOUBLE LENGTH DAREDEVIL STORY IN THIS ISSUE!!!

DAREDEVIL



"The Greatest Name in Comics

INTRODUCING
IN THIS ISSUE
DAREDEVIL'S

LITTLE
WISE
GUYS

OCTOBER
NO. 13
TEN CENTS

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THE HITHERTO UNTOLD
FACTS BEHIND HITLER'S
MADDEST DREAM--
TORTURE AND DEATH
AWAIT DAREDEVIL AND
HIS LITTLE WISE GUYS
--UNLESS--READ INSIDE



THE
CLAW
SNIFTER
DICKIE DEAN

THE
PIRATE
PRINCE

ALSO
13 AND JINX
SCOOP SCUTTLE
TIMES SQUARE
AND
MANY OTHERS

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



A SPECIAL MESSAGE TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA FROM HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

-SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY!

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON



Boys and Girls of America:
Here's a way for every one of you
to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp
you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part
of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers,
brothers or uncles are using for the defense
of our country.

If every one of you forty million
boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent
Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending
your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars
every year. Think of all the guns, planes and
ships he could buy with that!

"Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em
flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

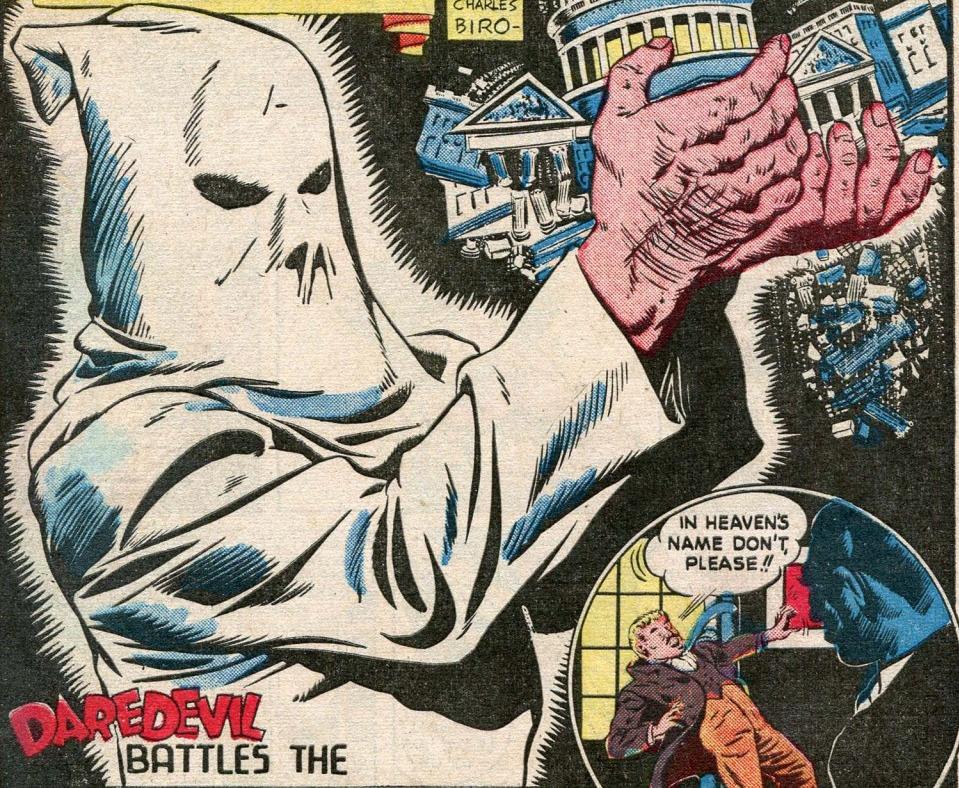
THIS
SPACE IS
DONATED BY THE
PUBLISHERS OF THIS
MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF
NATIONAL DEFENSE AND VICTORY!

DAREDEVIL

NEVER

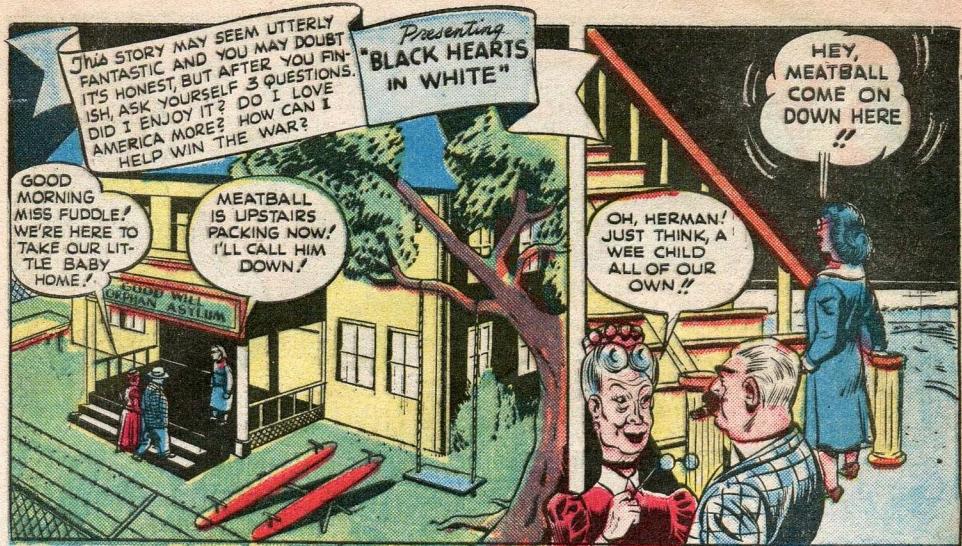
BEFORE HAS A STORY OF SUCH POWER AND MAGNITUDE APPEARED BEFORE THE MAGAZINE PUBLIC. MY FRIENDS HAVE DARED ME TO PRODUCE IT, SAYING THAT I WOULD BE EXPOSING MYSELF AND DAREDEVIL TO SERIOUS RIDICULE! I DEFY ANY TRUE AMERICAN TO PROVE THAT THIS STORY IS POINTLESS AND DOES NOT DRIVE HOME A STRONG PATRIOTIC MESSAGE!!

CHARLES
BIRO-



"DAREDEVIL
BATTLES THE
BLACKHEARTS IN WHITE"

HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!

WHILE SOMEWHERE IN THE FARM COUNTRY.

I OUGHT TO HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED FOR BRINGING YOU ALONG, SCARECROW. YOU'RE BOUND TO DO SOMETHING DUMB THAT WILL COST ME MONEY!

DON'T WORRY, MR. HARDTACK! I WON'T DO NOTHIN' TO SPOIL NOTHIN' HONEST!"

I'M GOIN' OVER TO THE BANK, SCARECROW, AN' I'M LEAVIN' YOU WITH THE TWO HORSES TO SELL! THEY HAVE THE PRICE TAGS ON THEM AN' THAT'S WHAT YOU SELL 'EM FOR!

OKAY, MR. HARDTACK! YOU LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!



WHAT CAN GO WRONG?
ONLY TWO HORSES LEFT/
THE WHITE ONE SELLS
FOR \$100 AND THE
BROWN ONE \$150."
THAT'S SIMPLE,
ISN'T IT?

I'D LIKE TO
BUY A HORSE,
SONNY! THIS
BROWN ONE, HOW
MUCH IS IT?

GOSH! A
CUSTOMER! IT'S
\$150, BUT THE
WHITE ONE IS
ONLY \$100!

BOY \$100!
WON'T MR.
HARDTACK
BE SURPRISED!



MAYBE THAT MAN
WOULDA' BOUGHT
THE BROWN ONE
IF I HADN'T TOLD
HIM ABOUT THE
WHITE ONE BEING
CHEAPER!

BACK AGAIN,
MISTER? MAYBE
YOU WANT
TO BUY THE
OTHER HORSE
TOO!"

I CHANGED MY
MIND, KID! I
WANT THE BROWN
ONE. I'VE ALREADY
GIVEN YOU A HUN-
DRED DOLLARS,
AND THIS WHITE...

...HORSE IS WORTH A
\$100, SO THAT MAKES
\$200! THE BROWN
ONE IS \$150! NOW,
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME
\$50 AND THE
BROWN HORSE, WE'RE
SQUARE, RIGHT?

LET ME
SEE... HMM..
THAT SOUNDS
FAIR
ENOUGH!



HA, HA, HA! WHAT
A DUMB JERK!
I DIDN'T THINK THEY
CAME THAT STUPID
ANYMORE!

WHAT A
SMART MAN!
HE MADE
EVERYTHING
SO CLEAR AND
SIMPLE!!

\$150
-100
50
100 3X50 =
\$150
? ? ?

? 1 ?
4 100
2 +50
150
-50
100
31/50 ? ? ?

GOSH
!!!



WELL, SCARECROW,
I SEE YOU SOLD
THE BROWN HORSE!
GIVE ME THE
HUNDRED FIFTY
DOLLARS!

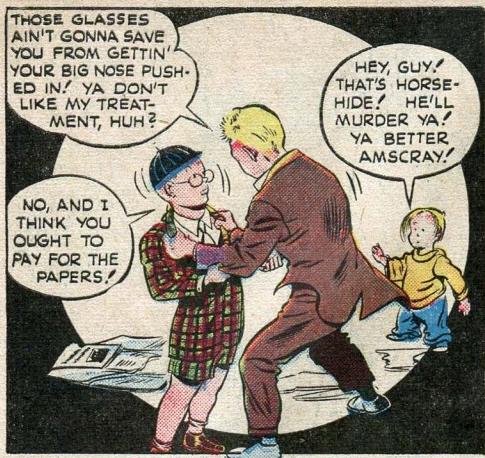
I CAN EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING, MR.
HARDACK! Y..YOU
SEE, IT WAS
LIKE THIS...



CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!



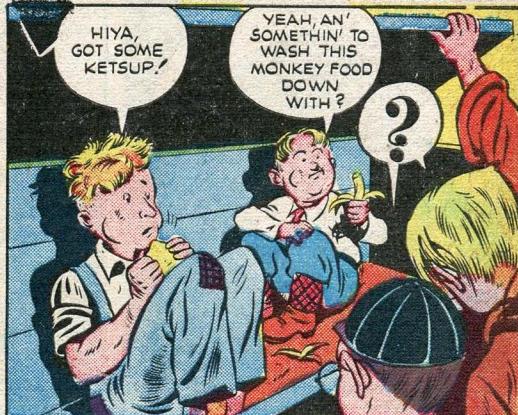
BE LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!



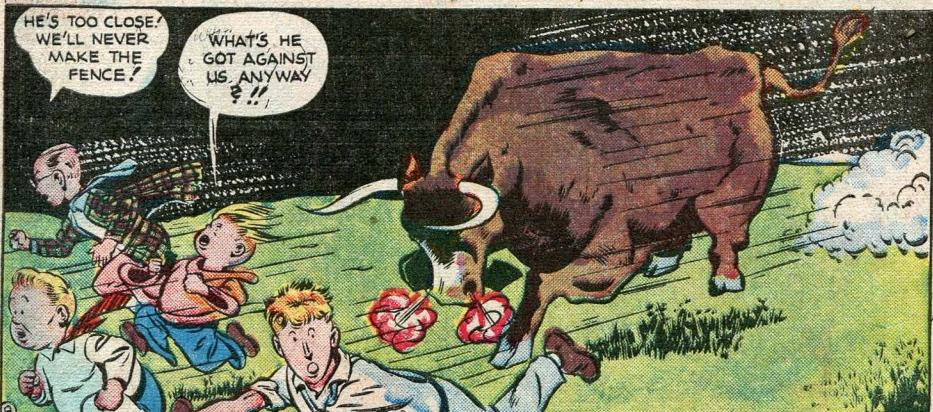
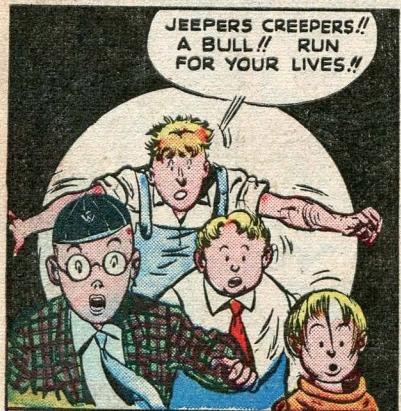
GET CRIME DOES NOT PAY. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



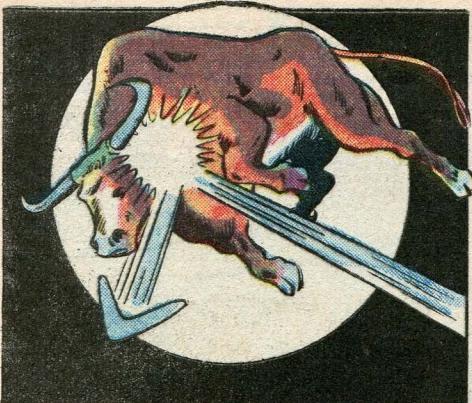
HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!



BF LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL



STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES. THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT !



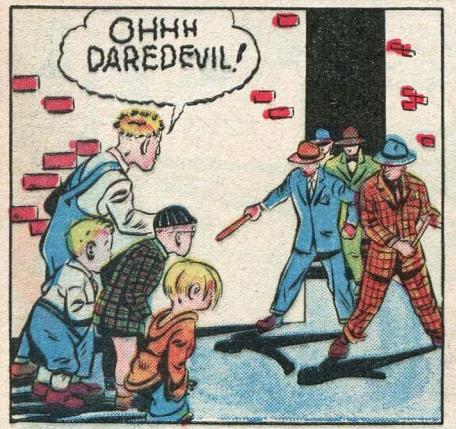
HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"!



CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!

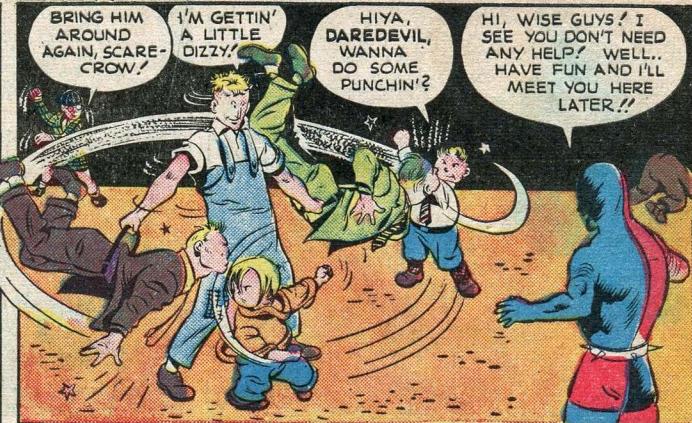
THAT DOC'S LEAVING! I SHOULD FOLLOW HIM BUT THOSE KIDS WILL GET HURT! I CAN'T LEAVE THEM AT THOSE KILLERS MERCY!

BRING HIM AROUND AGAIN, SCARE-CROW!

I'M GETTIN' A LITTLE DIZZY!

HIYA, DAREDEVIL, WANNA DO SOME PUNCHIN'?

HI, WISE GUYS! I SEE YOU DON'T NEED ANY HELP! WELL.. HAVE FUN AND I'LL MEET YOU HERE LATER!!



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!

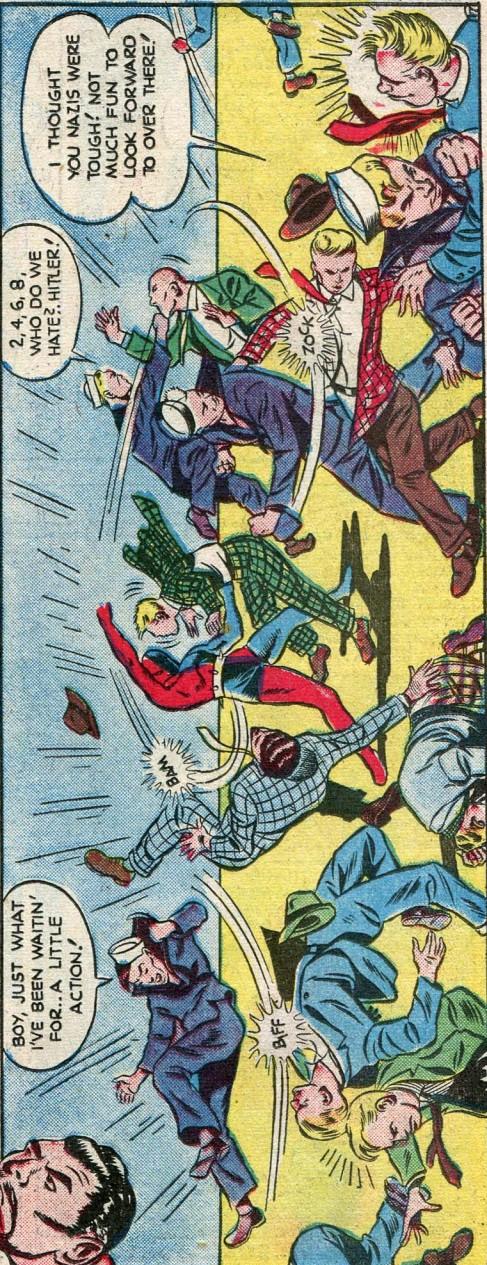


HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"





HERR IZAN!
YOU ARE GOING
TO BE MY
SPECIAL LITTLE
PACKAGE!



I THOUGHT
YOU NAZIS WERE
TOUGH! NOT
MUCH FUN TO
LOOK FORWARD
TO OVER THERE!

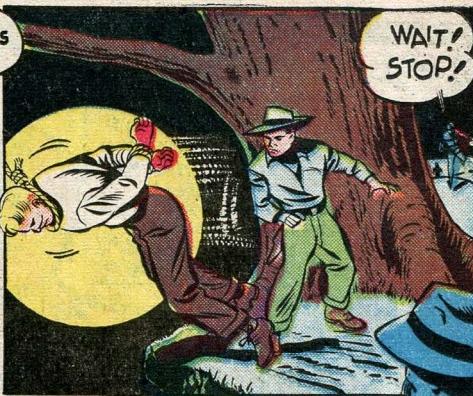
2, 4, 6, 8,
WHO DO WE
HATE? HITLER!

BOY, JUST WHAT
I'VE BEEN WAITIN'
FOR... A LITTLE
ACTION!

STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!



THE BEST COMIC BOOKS FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL, BOY, AND "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"!



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!

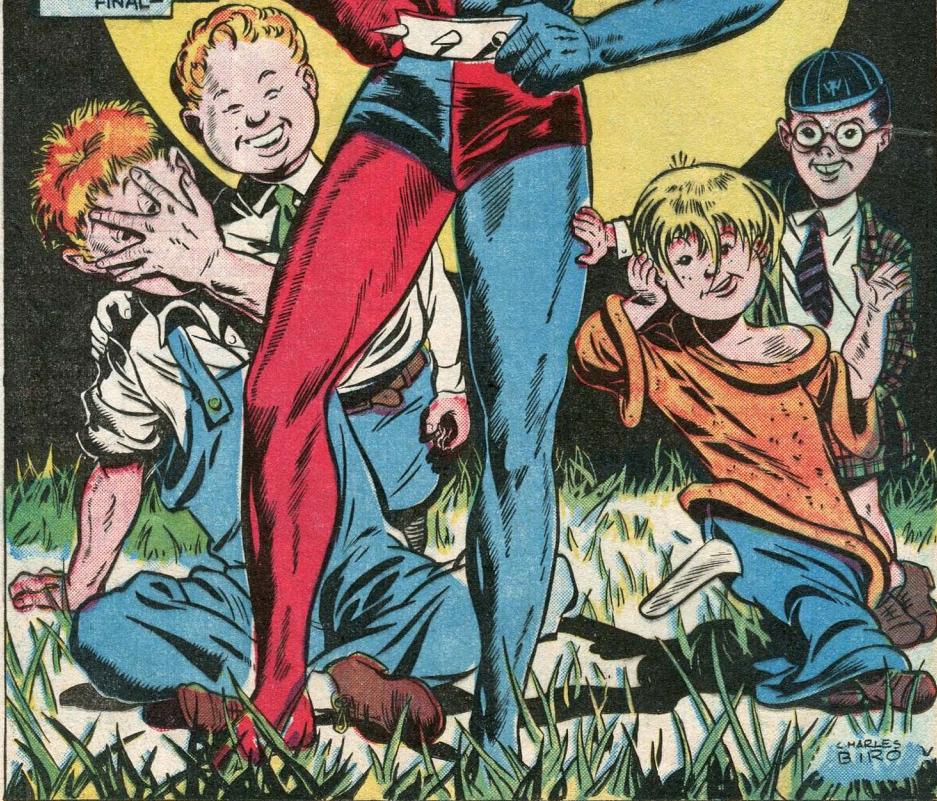
FREE! THE ORIGINAL
OF THIS DRAWING!

WHICH IS TWICE THIS SIZE AND
BEAUTIFULLY HAND COLORED!
IS YOURS — IF YOU WRITE THE
BEST LETTER TELLING ME
WHETHER YOU LIKED MY STRIP
BETTER BEFORE OR AFTER
THE "LITTLE WISE GUYS" GOT
INTO IT — AND GIVE YOUR REASONS.

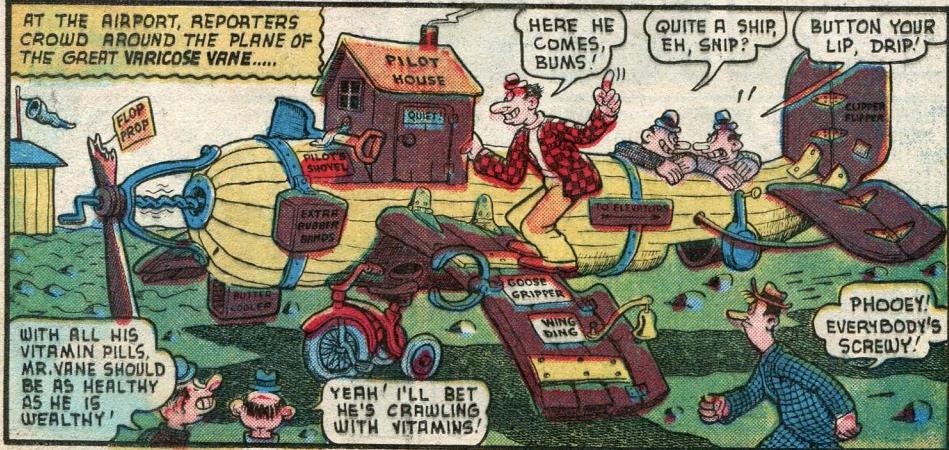
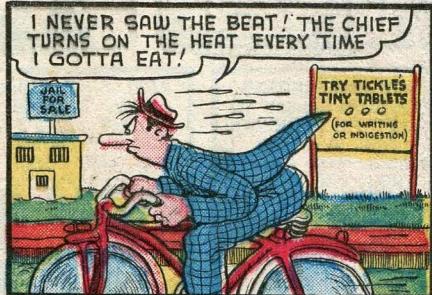
RULES:-
ALL ENTRIES MUST
MAILED TO -

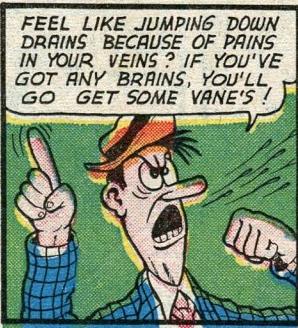
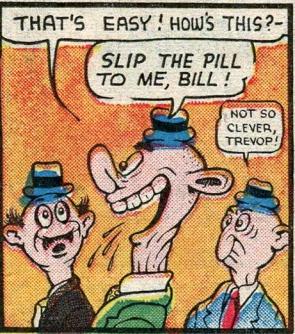
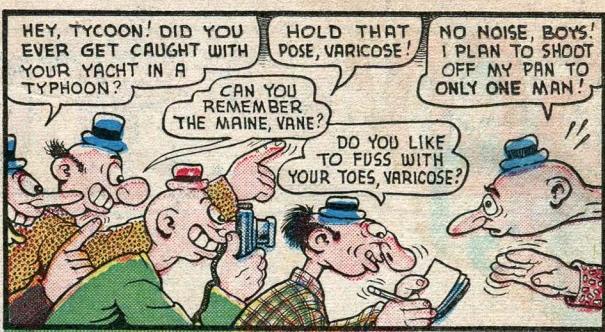
DAREDEVIL,
COMIC HOUSE, INC.,
114 EAST 52nd ST.
NEW YORK CITY
ON OR BEFORE
SEPT. 21, 1942
IN CASE OF TIES,
DUPLICATE PRIZES
WILL BE AWARDED
THE EDITORS WILL
BE THE SOLE JUDGES
AND THEIR
DECISION WILL BE
FINAL -

Yours till Hitler
scuttles himself
Good Luck forever -
Daredevil
and the four
little wise guys,
Pee-wee, Scarecrow,
Meatball and
Jocko'



SCOOP SCUTTLE





AT THE HOTBED HOTEL....

SCOOT IN, SCOOP!
EVERYTHING HAS
BEEN ARRANGED!

GOOD!
I'M FAIRLY
FAMISHED TO
A FINISH!

SERVICE!
I'M GITTIN'
NERVOUS!

CATER, WAITER!

DON'T GET IN A STIR, SIR!

FROGS MITTS
SIX BITS

BOILED HEN
FOR TWO
IRON MEN

FOOD AT LAST!
I'M AGHAST!

FOUR SINKERS
FOR
THREE CLINKERS

SERVE! DON'T WAIT
UNTIL LATER, WAITER!

OKE, BLOKE!



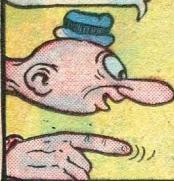
THERE! ISN'T
THAT A
BEAUTIFUL DINNER?

WHAT IS THIS?
I HOPE YOU'RE
SANE, VANE!

PILLS!



THAT'S MY LATEST
CREATION —
VITAMIN V
FOR ENERGY!
I'M TRYING IT
OUT FOR THE
FIRST TIME!



AH! IT WORKS!
I FEEL LIKE A
NEW MAN! I'M SURE
GLAD I WAS RUN
DOWN SO I COULD
GET PERKED UP!



HERE! HERE!
WHY DON'T
YOU EAT
YOUR FILL?
THERE'S
YOUR PILL!



SLURP!

SAY! SOMETHING
IS STARTING TO
SEETHE THRU MY
SYSTEM, SIR!

IT GIVES
YOU
PLENTY
OF ZING,
DON'T IT,
OLD THING?

I'LL SAY! GANGWAY! IT'S GIVEN ME
TWICE AS MUCH APPETITE! NOW
I'M GOING TO GET SOME GOOD
GRUB FOR MY GRINDERS!

WAIT!



THOSE PILLS MUST HAVE BEEN A BIT TOO POWERFUL! I TOO, FEEL RECKLESS! I FEEL THAT I AM ABOUT TO EAT THE FIRST ORDINARY FOOD I'VE TOUCHED IN YEARS!

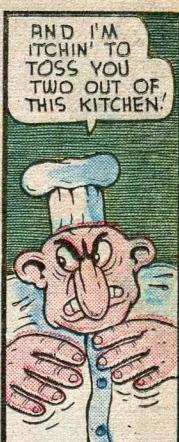
OKAY!
THIS WAY!

KITCHEN

WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOME COOKIN'! YEAH! I HAVE A STRANGE YEN TO MANGLE A HEN!

STEW KETTLE
BLUE KETTLE
GOO KETTLE
PRUNE SPOON

AND I'M ITCHIN' TO TOSS YOU TWO OUT OF THIS KITCHEN!



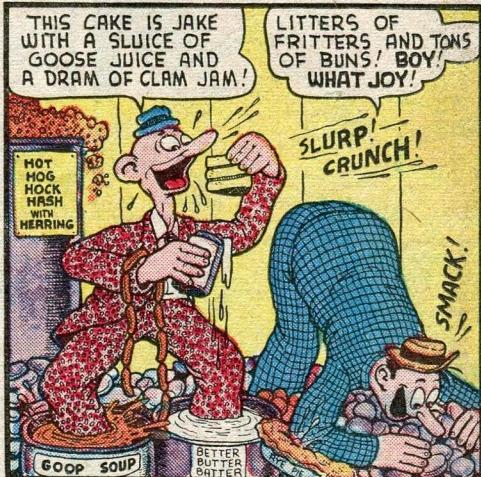
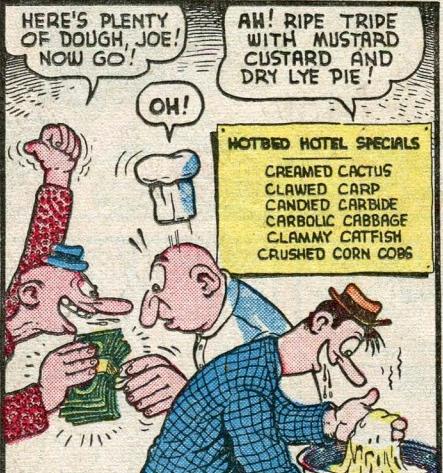
HERE'S PLENTY OF DOUGH, JOE!
NOW GO!

AH! RIPE TRIP WITH MUSTARD CUSTARD AND DRY LYE PIE!

OH!

HOTBED HOTEL SPECIALS

CREAMED CACTUS
CLAWED CARP
CANDIED CARBIDE
CARBOLIC CABBAGE
CLAMMY CATFISH
CRUSHED CORN COBS



AN HOUR LATER....

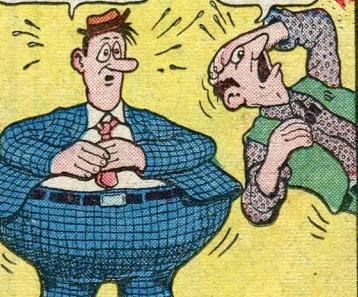
HI, CHIEF!
I TALKED
WITH
VARICOSE VANE,
BUT I CAN'T
WRITE A STORY
ABOUT HIM!

WHY NOT?
COME IN
HERE AND
EXPLAIN!

HOW TO DEVOUR THE DAILY DALLY:
DUNK IT LIKE A DOUGHNUT.
DUNCE!

I HAD DINNER WITH
HIM, BUT I ATE SO
MUCH I CAN'T GET
NEXT TO A
TYPEWRITER!

CURSES!
SOMEBODY
CALL A
COUPLE OF
NURSES!



JUST A GENTLE
REMINDER THAT
SCOOP SCUTTLE
WILL BE BACK IN
NEXT MONTH'S
**DAREDEVIL
COMICS**

THE CLAW

BY
BOB
WOOD

TWO MONARCHS OF MURDER PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO STAMP OUT DEMOCRACY. HITLER HAS MILLIONS OF MEN THAT MUST OBEY HIS ORDERS - MEN THAT WOULD BE SACRIFICED WITHOUT HESITATION SHOULD HE DEEM IT NECESSARY. THE CLAW HAS VAST Hordes OF ORIENTALS BEHIND HIM. WHAT DEVILISH PLAN WILL THESE TWO EXECUTE TO WIN THEIR "VICTORY AT ANY COST"?

"MITT DER CLAW BE-HIND ME GREAT BRITAIN WILL BE WIPE OUT LIKE A RAT HOLE! WE'LL CLOUD DER SKY MITT BOMBERS! HEIL HITLER!"

"THAT LITTLE PUNK PAPER HANGER THINKS I'M HIS ALLY! HAHA! ONCE WE HAVE DEFEATED THE ALLIES, I'LL STRING THE SKUNK UP AND RULE THE WORLD MYSELF! HEIL CLAW!"



"THIS STORY IS DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY. THE 2ND WORLD WAR IS RAGING FIERCE EACH DAY, SO LET'S TURN THE PAGE AND VISIT BERCHTESGADEN GERMANY IN MAY 1942."

HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET? GET IT TODAY!

HERR FUHRER,
DER CLAW IS HERE!

GOOD!
SEND HIM IN!

EDITORS NOTE:

AS YOU MAY REMEMBER, IN PAST ISSUES, THE CLAW HAS BEEN KNOWN TO HAVE THE POWER TO CHANGE IN SIZE. THIS HE DOES THROUGH THE USE OF A SPECIAL CHEMICAL AND WE NOW SEE HIM IN HIS USUAL MAMMOTH SIZE FOR THE SAKE OF CONVENIENCE.

A HISTORIC EVENT, THE WORLD'S TWO WORST VILLAINS MEET...

HEIL
HITLER!

HEIL
CLAW!

DER BRITISH SWINE HAVE EMBARRASSED ME! DERE RUTHLESS MASSACRE OFF DER PEOPLES OF GERMANY MUST BE AVENGED! WHY IF DIESE GOINGS ON UP MY PEOPLE MAY REALIZE DOT I HAVE BEEN LYING TO DEM ALL DIESE YEARS! ACH DU LEIBER!

ONLY LAST WEEK DER BETTER TRIED TO CREATE PANIC BY BOMBING COLOGNE. OF COURSE MY PEOPLE KNEW IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE.

ACH! DISS CANNOT BE! WHY OUR FUHRER SAID IT WOULD NOT HAPPEN!

I AM BEGINNING TO WONDER! MAYBE EVEN DER FUHRER MIGHT BE WRONG!

BUT NEVERTHELESS IT WAS EMBARRASSING WHEN 2 BOMBERS DID GET THROUGH AND DESTROYED A LITTLE DAIRY FARM.

GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!

STOP BUNKING, HITLER! THIS IS THE CLAW YOU'RE TALKING TO! EVERYONE KNOWS GERMANY'S TAKING THE WORST BEATING OF HER LIFE! THAT'S WHY YOU NEED MY HELP!

WITH MY NEW AIR FLEET, AND THE REMAINDER OF YOURS, WE CAN TURN THE TIDE PROVIDING YOU GIVE ME HALF THE WORLD'S LOOT!

JA! SURE, WHY NOT? WE ARE PALS!

DOT'S WHAT HE THINKS!

AS THE CLAW LEAVES, HIS BLACK BRAIN BEATS FIERCELY WITH THE DREAM OF TRIUMPH.

NORTH AMERICA IS MY SPOIL OF THE BOOTY! IF HITLER OBJECTS, HE DIES!!



AND NOW, OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO THE CORE OF A VOLCANO CRATER WHERE THE CLAW HASTENS TO PUT HIS FLEET INTO FIGHTING SHAPE.

FASTER, FOOLS!! FASTER!! FROM NOW ON, WE WORK 24 HOURS A DAY! THE FIRST ONE TO SLACKEN DIES!!



3 WEEKS LATER, BRITISH OFFICIALS DISCUSS THE VICTORIOUS RESULTS OF COLOGNE'S BOMBING PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER ATTACK...

IT PROVES BEYOND A DOUBT THAT THOUSANDS OF PLANES CAN BE USED TOGETHER SAFELY!

THERE WAS ONE CHAP LEADING SQUADRON 13! DON'T KNOW WHO HE WAS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY PLANES SHOT DOWN BY ONE MAN!

GENTLEMEN, THAT PILOT'S IDENTITY HAS BEEN KEPT A SECRET AND YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE! HE'S PAYING US A VISIT TODAY! I EXPECT HIM ANY MINUTE!



IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, GHOST!

I'M AFRAID OUR NEXT ATTACK WILL HAVE TO WAIT! THE CLAW'S STIRRING UP TROUBLE AGAIN! LOOKS LIKE HE PLANS TO SEND AN AIR FLEET HERE!

THE CLAW! THAT'S ABSURD! HE'S SOMEWHERE IN ASIA! WE'LL GO AHEAD WITH OUR PLANS!

THE CLAW IS NOW IN ASIA! IF YOU INSIST ON DISBELIEVING ME, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!

THAT NIGHT, THE MAN IN WHITE SPEEDS OFF IN HIS FAMOUS GHOST SHIP...

A LITTLE INVESTIGATING OVER GERMANY MIGHT UNCOVER SOMETHING!

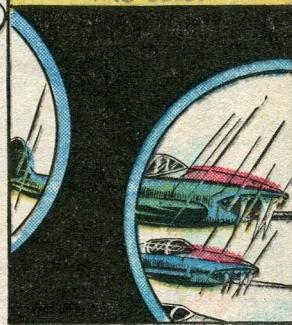


FROM HIGH ABOVE GERMANY, THE GHOST WATCHES.

THERE'S A FLEET OF PLANES BUT THEY'RE NOT GERMAN OR BRITISH CRAFTS!



AT A LOW ALTITUDE, THE GHOST PEERS AGAIN WITH HIS BINOCULARS... AND SEES...



I WAS RIGHT! THE CLAWS GOT HIS PLANES IN ACTION! PROBABLY GOING TO JOIN HITLER'S FLEET!



SOON, ALL OF ENGLAND AWAITED THE ATTACK...

IN BERLIN, THE DUO OF DISASTER MATCH WITS AS THEY PREPARE TO WITNESS THE ATTACK VIA TELEVISION..

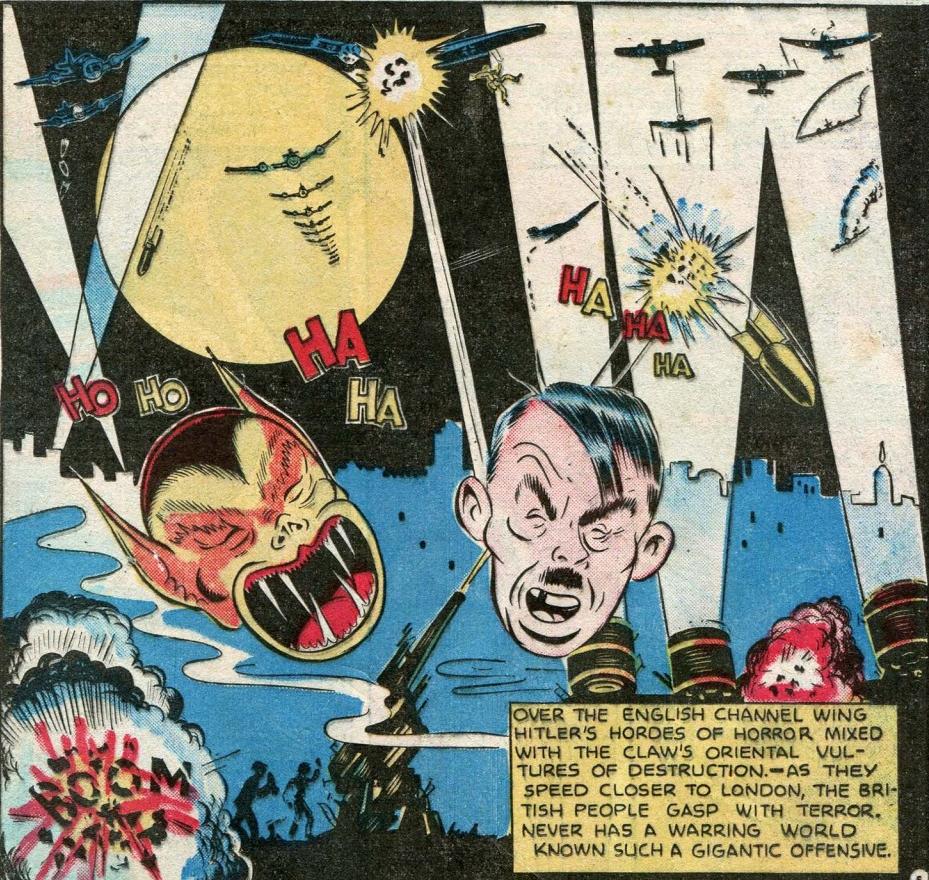
DON'T FORGET, HITLER,
I GET ONE HALF OF
THE TERRITORY WHEN
VICTORY COMES!

OF COURSE, MINE
FRIEND, DER FUHRER
IS A MAN OF HONOR!
COME, LET US SEE
DER BATTLE!

IN THE NAZI LEADER'S SECRET CHAMBER,
A TELEVISION SET RECORDS HIS MOST
DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO CRUSH THE ALLIES.

HAR! 15,000
PLANES! HOW
CAN THEY
MISS!

JA! WE
SHOW DER
BRITISH WHAT
TOTAL WAR
MEANS!



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

AT A BRITISH SHORT WAVE STATION ON THE CHANNEL...

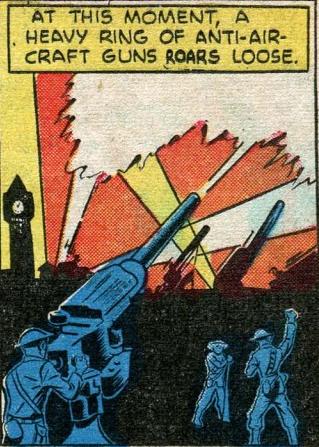
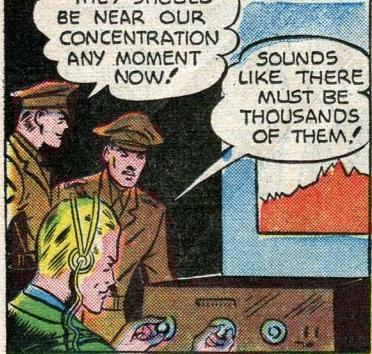
THEY SHOULD BE NEAR OUR CONCENTRATION ANY MOMENT NOW!

SOUNDS LIKE THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF THEM!

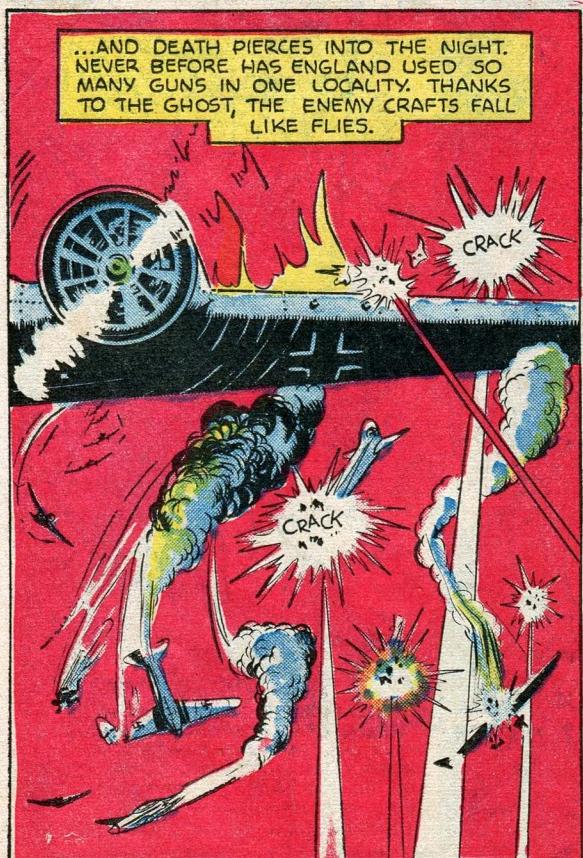
WAIT!

HERE THEY COME! GHOST SAYS TO MAN ALL GUNS FOR AN ALTITUDE OF 20,000 FEET!

AT THIS MOMENT, A HEAVY RING OF ANTI-AIR-CRAFT GUNS ROARS LOOSE.



...AND DEATH PIERCES INTO THE NIGHT. NEVER BEFORE HAS ENGLAND USED SO MANY GUNS IN ONE LOCALITY. THANKS TO THE GHOST, THE ENEMY CRAFTS FALL LIKE FLIES.



THEN THE GHOST HIMSELF DROPS DOWN FROM THE SKY AND SWINGS BACK TOWARD GERMANY...



GOOD STUFF! WHILE THE TOMMIES ARE KNOCKING THE FLEET SILLY, I'M GOING AFTER HITLER!

MEANWHILE, IN BERLIN THE TWO WARLORDS OF HATE BECOME INFURIATED...

GOTT IN HIMMEL! DER WHOLE SQUADRON RUINED! DOT ISS VOT I GET FOR LISTENING TO YOU!

SILENCE!! DOG!!

I WILL HAFF YOU LIQUIDATED FOR YOUR INSOLENCE!

Y. YOU'RE G. GETTING BIGGER!! S. STOP! VOT ARE YOU DOING??



NEXT MONTH! THE REAL SHOWDOWN BATTLE... CLAW vs. GHOST!!

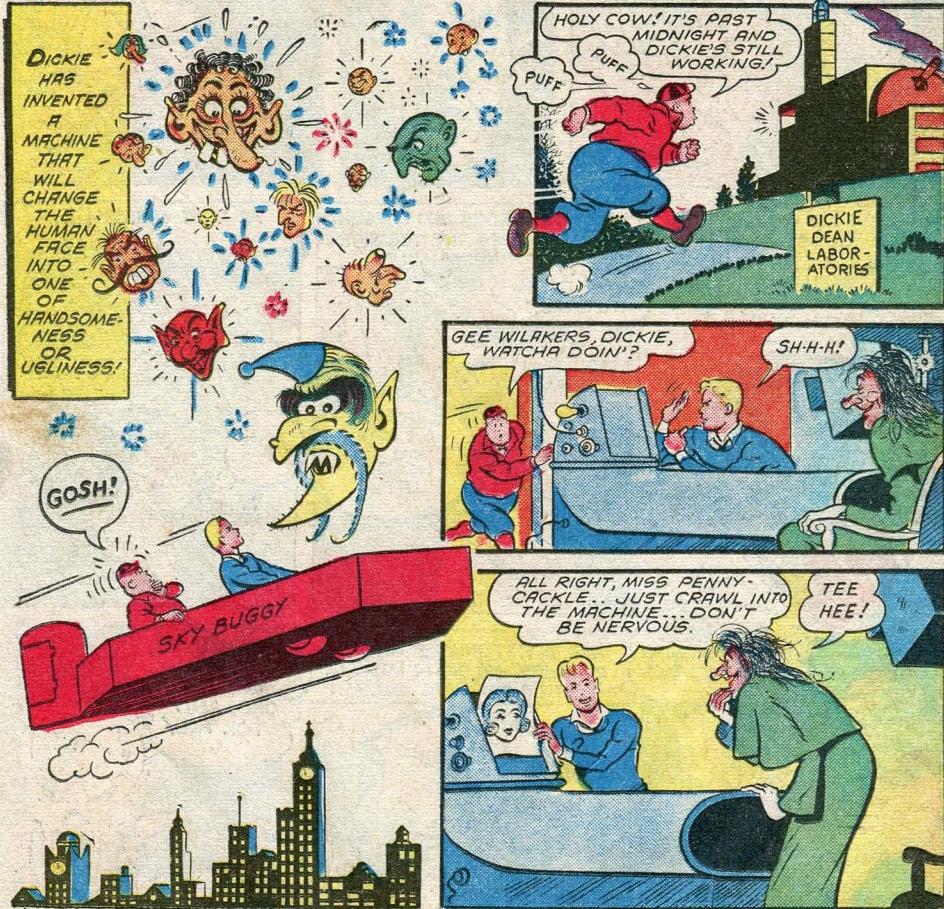
IF YOU LIKE OUR MAGAZINE, TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

DICKIE DEAN

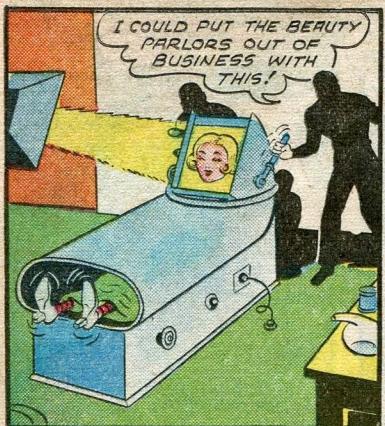
The Boy Inventor.....

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BY BART TUMEY AND DICK WOOD-



LEV. GLEASON, PUBLISHER, CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS, A TEAM YOU CAN'T BEAT!



STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!

YOU SAY A JAP FISHING FLEET ON THE WEST COAST IS PLANNING SABOTAGE AGAINST THE U.S.? WHY DON'T YOU GO TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES?

ME JAP! AFRAID THEY MIGHT THINK ME MIXED UP IN IT? DON'T WANT TO GO TO JAIL!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE IT'S SERIOUS BUSINESS. BETTER COME INSIDE, TOKO!

ZIP! WHERE ARE YOU?



DO I LOOK LIKE CLARK GABLE?



HA!
HA-HA--
HA-HA-HA!

HE-HEE!
HE-HE-HEE!



YOU DOPE! THE MACHINE WON'T REGISTER TWO PICTURES AT ONCE.... THAT IS WHY ONLY THE DONKEY'S EARS CAME OUT! I'LL LET YOU KEEP THEM AWHILE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!

MULLY CHEE
HIROHITO!!
YOU MAKE HIM ME/DICKIE!
O'BOY O BOY!



OH NO, I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA, COME BACK IN TEN MINUTES.. I MAY HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



10 MINUTES LATER

G-GOSH!

HIROHITO!



THE NEXT DAY A STRANGE GROUP SPEEDS
THROUGH THE AIR...

JUMPIN' CATFISH,
DICKIE, WHEN WE
GONNA GET
THERE?

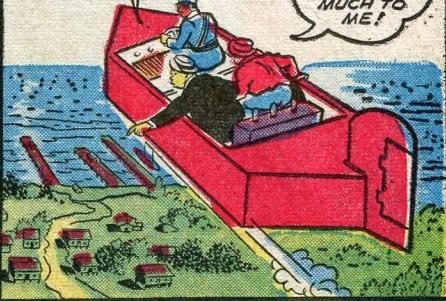
KEEP THOSE
EARS IN ZIP,
THEY SAY JUUPS
LOVE BARBECUED
DONKEY!

ALMOST
THERE NOW!



STOPEE QUICK!
DOWN THERE IS
HIDEOUT

HUH!
DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE
MUCH TO
ME!



MAYBE WE
CAN GET SOME
FISHING
IN!

QUIET
ZIP!!



VELLY SORRY,
PEOPLE, PUT
UP HANDS...
OR DIE
QUICK!



HIROHITO!
EMPEROR!



ONLY DOGS THREATEN
EMPEROR! COMMIT
HARI KARI!





CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!

TAKE ME TO RADIO ROOM AT ONCE... IT IS TIME FOR THE RISING SUN TO STRIKE! THAT IS WHY HIROMI TO IN AMERICA!



HURRY, FOOLS!



HIGH AND NOBLE EMPEROR, THIS IS RADIO ROOM.. WHAT ARE WISHES, OH ANCIENT PRINCE OF THE SUN?

RADIO ALL U BOATS TO MEET HERE 10 A.M. ON MORROW.. WE ATTACK OIL FIELDS.. HURRY!



EASY DOES IT, GANG!

W-WHAT NOW, DICKIE?



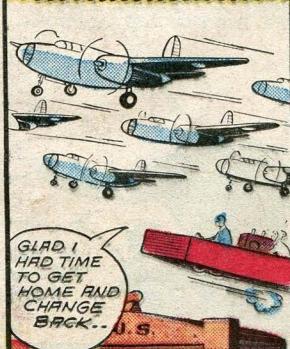
A HALF HOUR LATER DICKIE LANDS AT AN AIR FIELD AND CONFRONTS AN AMERICAN OFFICER...

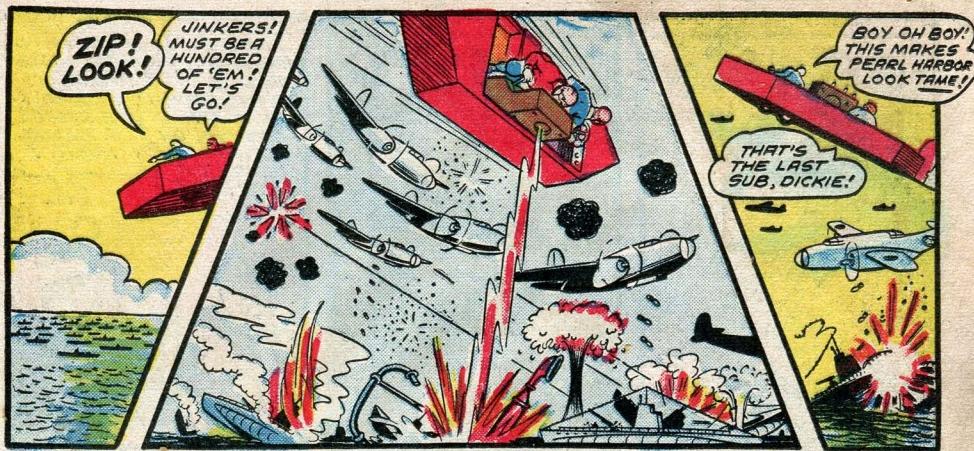
SEE, THIS PROVES I'M DICKIE DEAN.. IF YOU'LL CHECK THE FINGER-PRINTS...

MAYBE I'M NUTS... BUT...



THE NEXT MORNING A BOMBING SQUADRON TAKES OFF TO TACKLE THE JAP SUBS...





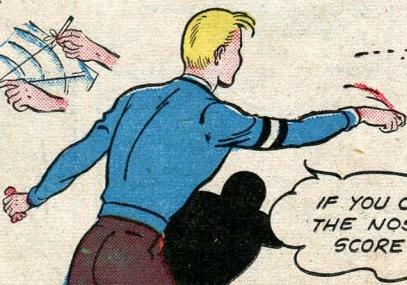
THE NEXT DAY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS HAVE A BANQUET IN HONOR OF DICKIE DEAN AND HIS NEW INVENTION...



DICKIE DEAN'S INVENTION FOR THIS MONTH IS THIS EASY-TO-MAKE RAP THE JAP TARGET!

JUST TAKE A SQUARE PIECE OF HEAVY PAPER OR CARDBOARD AND DRAW DIAGONAL LINES FROM THE CORNERS... (LIKE THE DOTTED LINES)

NEXT, TIE A STRING TO A CRAYON OR PENCIL... THEN PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE STRING OVER THE SPOT WHERE THE LINES CROSS. IT'S EASY TO MAKE THE CIRCLES AND FILL IN THE JAP'S FACE!



IF YOU CAN "RAP THE JAP" ON THE NOSE IT CANCELS THE SCORE AGAINST YOU!



STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



The Great Wall of China

ONE of the most stupendous works ever conceived and executed by man is the Great Wall of China. This man made wonder of the world extends a distance of 1,800 miles. It starts in the western frontier of Kiang-su and stretches over high hills, deep valleys, and across many rivers, travelling eastward until it reaches the sea at Shan-hai-kwan. To give you an idea of its size, just consider an elevated highway built and paved with bricks 20 feet high and wide enough for six horsemen to ride abreast stretching from Philadelphia to Kansas City. This is a distance half way across the United States.

The Great Wall is 25 feet thick at its base and 15 feet at the top

Wall has been preserved and extended by many reigns of Chinese emperors. To-day along a large part of its course, the Wall is little more than a mass of debris.

Stamp collectors who have air



Air Mail Issue of 1932



Air Mail Issue of 1929

with towers every 100 yards. The work on this enormous task began in the year 214 B.C. and required hundred of thousands of laborers as well as many, many years to complete. It must be remembered that this work was performed in ancient times, long before the motor truck, the motor derrick, and the cement mixer and that all the labor was performed by hand. Down through the years the Great

mail stamps of China in their collections are well acquainted with a view of the Great Wall, for China has issued three series of air mail stamps all showing scenes of the Wall as it winds its way over a mountain with an airplane flying overhead.

Regarding the history of the Great Wall we find that one of its purposes was to keep out the Tartars, who came down from the north to invade the Chinese. The Wall was started in 214 B.C. by Che Whang-te, who was the leading prince of the feudal states which existed at that time. Whang-te became the first emperor of China and his idea in building the Wall was not only to keep the Tartars out, but to unite the Chinese behind the wall. He abolished the feudal system and set himself up as Emperor of China. The name he adopted for himself, Che Whang-te means First Universal Emperor.

To the Chinese, the Great Wall is a monument of united China and a sign of the destruction of the feudal system.

SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED
Containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (long), NORTH BORNEO (buffalo), ILEAO (late king), SARAWAK (palau), GUATELOUPE (lions), HONDURAS (CORTA, PIGEON), MARTINIQUE (palace), BRUNEI (elephant). This entire packet for only 5c to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order.

KENT STAMP CO.
GPO Box 87(6) Brooklyn, N. Y.

GIGANTIC CANADIAN BARGAIN
Complete set, Royal Visit, Coronation, Jubilee, new George VI set, Confederation, Gee. V. set, etc. A gigantic bargain. Only 1c to approval applicants.

ENSIGN STAMP CO., Box 94, Newark, N. J.

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Panama Canal commemorative and Ecuador with U. S. Flag in natural colors; also "Bullfight" series, "Midget," "Giant Diamond," "Christ," Triangles, International, "Giraffe," Mozambique, Morocco, Ex-Nazi Colonies. Stamps showing Giraffe, Royal Air Force Pilot, etc., all 5c with approvals.

POTOMAC STAMP CO.
Dept. 9 Washington, D. C.

55 DIFF. UNITED STATES 5c

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ZEPHYR 3437 N. Kolmar, Chicago

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Drop us a postcard and we will send you in return mail a fine selection of commemoratives, air mails and revenues. Write today.

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Sandy Hook, Conn.

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CONTINENTAL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

1717-k Idaho.

Toledo, Ohio

7 U. S. SETS — \$5.00 CHINA

All 7 sets of the Famous American Series of the 1-2-3c values. (21 stamps) Authors, Poets, Educators, Scientists, Composers, Artists, and Inventors, plus a \$5.00 China Postage Stamp. Everything only 5c to approval applicants.

PLADON STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

POSITIVELY SENSATIONAL!

BIG PICTORIAL PACKET including 5 TRIANGLES, scarce TANNA TOUWS DIAMOND, GOLDFISH, TANGERINE, Lebanon, etc. EVERYTHING, including only 5c to new approval applicants.

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BIGGEST PENNY BARGAIN

Big new Canadian Airmails, two different Guatemalan Tropical Birds, and a complete set of six Salvador for only 1c one cent stamp to approval applicants.

STAMP SERVICE, Durham, N. C.

EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell my approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club and neighborhood, or to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits to you.

MORRILL ELLIS, Dept. S, New York, N. Y.

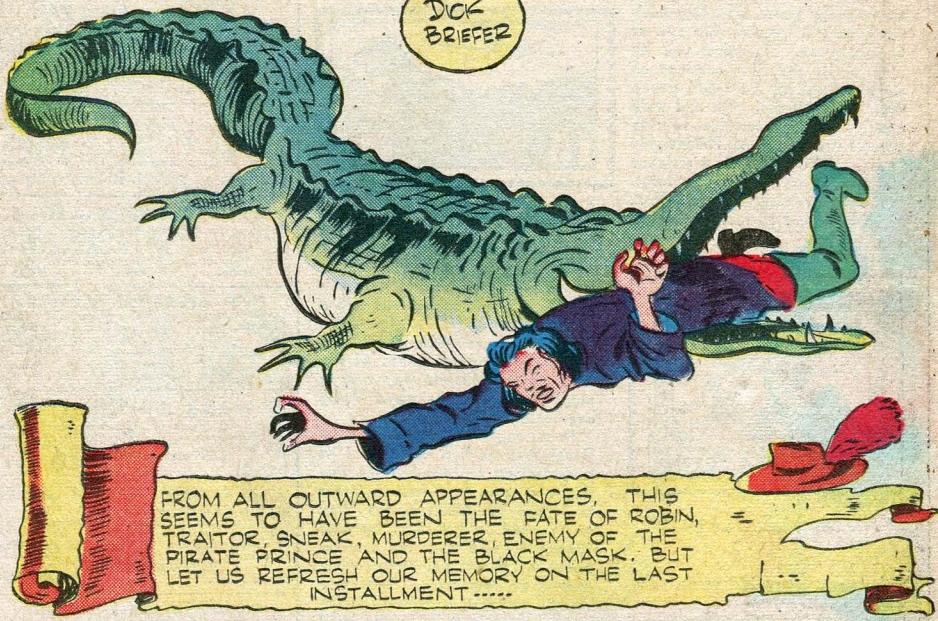
6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5c

Complete set to approval applicants only.

L. W. BROWN, Dept. "S", Marion, Mich.

PIRATE The PRINCE

by
DICK
BRIEFER



BE LIKE DAREDEVIL, ALWAYS ON THE LEVEL!

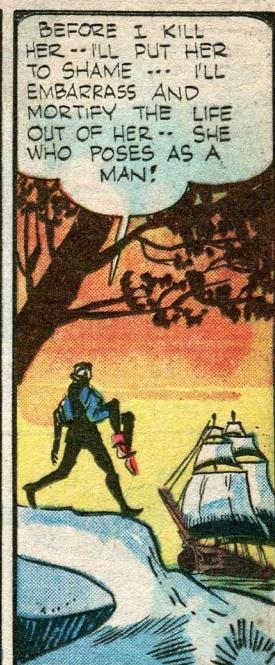
I GUESS THAT FINISHES OFF ROBIN. WE'D BETTER ATTEND TO HIS CREW.

LET'S GO, PIRATE PRINCE.

AHA! THE RUSE WORKED! THEY THINK BECAUSE THEY SEE MY FLOATING HAT I WAS DEVOURED BY THAT CROCODILE!



IF YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, READ BOY COMICS!



HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ "CRIME DOES NOT PAY!"

IN ROBIN'S CABIN...

GOOD MORNING,
CUTIE. WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL US YOU
ARE A WOMAN?



I'LL GO OUT LIKE A
NICE LAD, AND YOU
PUT ON THESE
CLOTHES. THEY'RE
MORE BECOMING
TO YOUR CHARM!



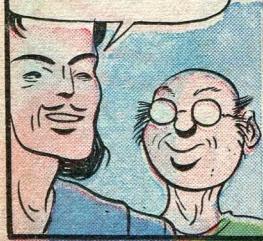
ARE YOU READY, MY
DEAR? I'M COMING IN..
WITH A GUEST.



AH!
NOW WE SEE
WHAT THE
BLACK
MASK
REALLY IS.



THIS IS THE SHIP'S
CHAPLAIN. HE IS KIND
ENOUGH TO MAKE
US MAN AND WIFE.



AND FOR OUR HONEYMOON, DARLING,
YOU WILL BE PUT TO
DEATH!



I NOW
PERMOUNCE
YOU TWO
MAN
AND...



HOLD ON A
MINUTE, PALS!



PIRATE
PRINCE!



UP WITH YOUR SWORD,
ROBIN, DEAR SKUNK.

NEXT TIME
YOU SHOOT A
MAN, MAKE
SURE HE'S
DEAD BEFORE
YOU LEAVE
HIM!



YOU'LL NEVER GET
OUT OF THIS ALIVE,
PRINCE. MY MEN WILL
KILL YOU AND THE
BLACK MASK EVEN
IF YOU VANQUISH ME!

FOOL! WHEN
YOU PASS BY
THAT WINDOW,
SEE IF YOU CAN
TAKE A QUICK
LOOK AT WHAT'S
IN STORE
FOR YOUR
CREW!

WH...WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?

LOOKS LIKE I'LL
GET OUT OF THIS
MESS. I'D BETTER
CHANGE MY
CLOTHES.



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

ROBIN GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW TO SEE BOTH SHIPS OF THE PIRATE PRINCE AND THE BLACK MASK BEARING DOWN UPON HIS SMALL CRAFT.

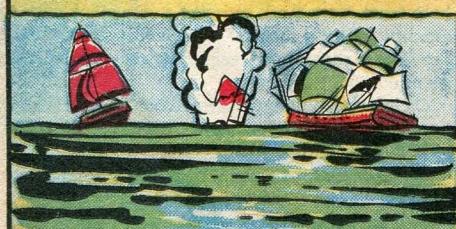
THE TWO SHIPS FLANK ROBIN'S, AND THE MEN SURGE ABOARD, FELLING ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF ROBIN'S EVIL CREW.



ONCE AGAIN
THE PIRATE PRINCE
AND THE
BLACK MASK
FIGHT SIDE
BY SIDE.



AND IN A SHORT TIME -- WHERE THERE WERE THREE SHIPS -- ONLY TWO REMAIN -- THE SMOLDERING HULK OF ROBIN'S CRAFT SINKING TO THE BOTTOM.



NEXT MONTH!! A BIG SURPRISE
AWAITS YOU ON THESE VERY PAGES!!
DON'T MISS IT!!

HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!

BLITZ IN ALASKA

A CRIMEBUSTER STORY BY DICK WOOD

OUR SCENE! TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY — A newsboy screams . . . "Extree! Extree! American forces trapped in Alaska. Jap attack swamps two thousand fighting men . . ."

An elderly man reads a few lines, then shouts hysterically at a youth beside him.

"Why, the dirty scum, they poisoned the water supply!"

The boy he spoke to was too busy reading to voice a reply. He mumbled something in agreement and walked off, his head still buried in the newspaper. As the youth sauntered on, passersby would stop to gaze at him. There was something strangely familiar about his straight, wiry figure and clean-cut features; and well there might be, for nearly every person in America must have seen *Crimebuster's* picture in the paper at one time or another.

When *Crimebuster* reached his apartment, the strong points of the morning news were hammering into his mind. General Creig's troops hopelessly surrounded . . . Water supply contaminated . . . Medicines destroyed by sabotage . . . Relief planes unable to break through Jap ring of steel. *Crimebuster* gazed out of his window and frowned. The whole nation was praying that some miracle would happen up in the frozen north. The major part of the U. S. Fleet had been in the South Pacific when the Japs launched their vicious attack on Alaska. It would take days before any decisive naval or land action could be brought to bear on the invaders. Until now, it had been thought they could hold out but with the sabotage of medicine and water they were doomed unless aid was immediately forthcoming. Even the most optimistic strategists considered this a major catastrophe. A foothold on the Alaskan bases would allow the Jap military machine to muster power and sweep down the west coast of America. If at the same time Germany should launch an aggressive campaign against the east coast and the Panama Canal, the United States would indeed be in a desperate situation. With a pincer movement at each end of the country, military strength would be divided and America would have to fight at a serious disadvantage on two giant battlefronts. There was no room for argument . . . Alaska must be kept at all costs . . .

The idol of American youth crossed the room to his study table, and sat down, fists tightly clenched. For the first time in his life he felt defeated. In the

past he had fought, smashed, and blasted his way in and out of Germany against thousand-to-one odds, but this was different. When the military machine of the United States was held at bay, it seemed hopeless that there was anything he alone could do. He let his troubled eyes drift upward to a picture of a middle-aged woman above his desk. A picture of his mother. As his eyes solemnly gazed into her sweet face, visions of the past fought their way into his mind. *He was floundering in the waters of the Atlantic now—begging a Nazi U-Boat captain to rescue his mother, who floated unconscious beside him. He could hear the voice of the officer in his ears, "Yab, Yab, Bring her closer!" Then suddenly the chatter of machine gun fire blasted his brain. Bullets spat into the water like overgrown hailstones and thudded into soft flesh . . . When they stopped, he was alone in the frigid waters.*

Crimebuster snapped to his feet, and with one powerful arm sent the desk careening into a corner. His pleasant features swiftly changed to a chalky granite and set his burning eyes off like orbs of fire. He spoke softly, fiercely . . .

"There must be a way I can help! There shall be a way! America shall never fall prey to those inhuman dogs . . . I swear it!"

Two days later, the commander of the northernmost Canadian military post looked up from his desk.

"Well, what is it?" he barked at a waiting soldier. "*Crimebuster* is waiting to see you, sir! He says it's urgent!"

The commander's eyebrows puckered up in surprise. "*Crimebuster!* What's he doing here!? Send him in!"

Crimebuster entered the room briskly and seated himself.

"Commander Creig, sir," he stated, "I've flown here from New York to make a request. I wish to attempt flying a medical supply ship through the Jap lines to the trapped men! Here's my special army permit."

Creig's cool blue eyes fastened on *Crimebuster* for a split second. Then he leaned over and spoke softly as if talking with a young child.

"*Crimebuster*," he said, "No one knows better than I the great benefit you've been to this country. We all have the greatest admiration for your deeds. Now let me tell you why it's impossible for me to let

you do such a hairbrained thing by yourself. Number one: Four of our best pilots have attempted to crack the lines unescorted by pursuit ships. Every one of them has been shot down. Number two: Even if I wanted to let you go alone, I wouldn't. We're just planning to dispatch another ship with an escort of pursuits. It'll be harder to slip through that way, but at least the pilot won't be going out all alone."

Outside in the cool air, *Crimebuster's* chin tightened. He had foreseen just such a possibility and had made plans accordingly. He walked over to a small, cherub-cheeked grease monkey who stood by one of the hangars watching his approach goggle eyed.

"Hello, *Crimebuster!*" the mechanic stuttered.

"Hi there," *Crimebuster* replied. "Oh, Commander Crieg wants you to put a dry mop and a can of kerosene in the relief ship I'm flying. It's ready, isn't it?"

"Sure, she's all set," the mechanic returned.

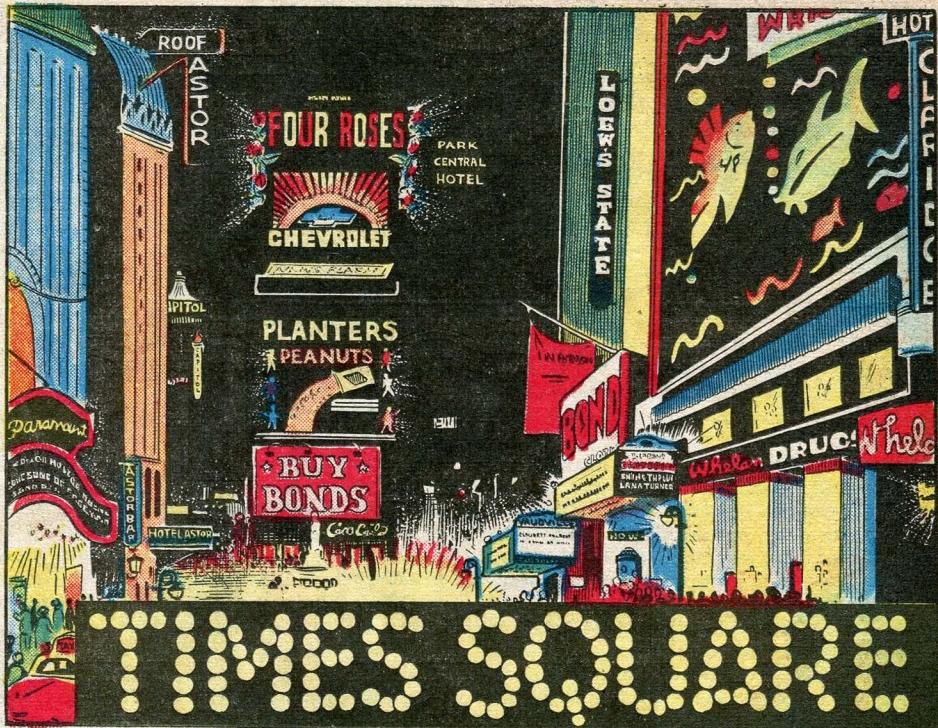
Crimebuster walked around the corner of the hangar and stopped. Inside he could hear the mechanic bustling around for the kerosene and mop. A pilot had just left the commander's office and was hurrying toward the hangar adjusting his helmet. *Crimebuster* dashed forward. He whirled into the hangar and brushed the mechanic aside. Inside the plane, he slammed on the self-starter and pulled open the throttle. Seconds later, he was lifting the heavy plane off the far end of the field into a low-hanging fog bank. He breathed a sigh of relief; so far, so good. Now he must either make a success of the trip or be a disgrace to his own country. He looked back through the huge transport at the many boxes of life-saving supplies. Yes, somehow he would have to get through.

For the first hundred miles *Crimebuster* knew he was being pursued. Cutting his own motor, he could hear the hum of several army planes who had evidently taken off in pursuit. But after that, they faded out. Evidently the fog had made them give up any hope of overtaking him. From an inside coat pocket the youth withdrew several maps with directions carefully marked from the Canadian base to the Alaskan battle front. Setting his instruments, he sat back and cruised.

Hours later, *Crimebuster's* ship roared out of the cloud bank directly over a Jap squadron outpost. Interceptor planes were already roaring up to meet him. Evidently their electric ear had picked up his approach, miles away. Well, he had expected this earlier. It was only the fog that had saved him so long. Quickly he ran his finger along the map, tacked to his instrument board. The U. S. base was about fifty miles directly north of here. With a heavily

loaded ship like his, that meant about half an hour's flying time. For thirty long minutes he would have to out-fight a score of Jap ships who could fly rings around him. He reached for the kerosene can and doused the entire contents over the mop in his lap. Then he opened the sliding window beside him and waited. The planes were climbing above him now. Getting ready to swing down on his tail and fill his belly full of lead. *Crimebuster* looked ahead, praying for a low-hanging fog bank in the distance. Luck was with him—he could see a cloud formation about twenty miles off. He kissed the soaking mop in his lap. "Be good, baby," he whispered softly.

The first Jap plane went into its dive. Lead whistled through the roof of *Crimebuster's* ship and perforated a neat row of holes straight up to the co-pilot's seat. The second came in on a cross wind and blasted out the window not six inches from *Crimebuster's* nose. Black fluid spurted out of the oil-pressure gauge and blackened the windshield. *Crimebuster* clenched his teeth tightly. Not yet. Not until he was over those clouds. He prayed silently that the plane's three great motors would hold out. A Jap ship loomed up in front of him, coughing death. *Crimebuster* could see the spurting fire of the guns. His whole ship seemed to shudder from the bullet's impact. He lowered his head and felt something hot rip through his scalp. Brushing the blood from his eyes, he looked down. The fog bank was very close. He started counting. One . . . Two . . . Bullets ripped through the right hand door and tore the instrument board into shreds . . . Three . . . Four . . . Five . . . Six . . . *Crimebuster* pulled a match from his jacket and struck it on the shattered dash board . . . Eight . . . Nine . . . NOW! Quickly he touched the match to the mop head and stuck the flaming stick through the window. As black smoke billowed out, covering the tail of his transport, he threw the stick forward hard, and screeched toward the protecting clouds. At five hundred feet the cabin started to swim before him. Blood was clotting over his eyes. Slowly he pulled the big ship out, and streaked bare inches above the tops of protruding icebergs. For ten minutes he flew blind, by some strange stroke of fate avoiding the jutting mountains of ice. As he broke through the end of the cloud bank, his dazed eyes looked upward, searching the sky. No enemy planes lurked there waiting to swoop down. HE HAD WON. The Japs thought his ship was a tangled mass of burnt wreckage miles back. He forced a smile across his tired features and opened the throttle wide. The huge, battered transport shuddered and shook under the effort but he wasn't worried. The U. S. outpost was just ahead. Nothing could stop him now.



TIMES SQUARE

STANDING LIKE A SPHINX IN THE STREAM OF HUMANS MILLING PAST ITS BASE, TIMES SQUARE HAS SEEN

MANY DRAMAS, ... BUT NONE MORE QUICKLY EXECUTED THAN THE WHITE GLOVE MURDER CASE!

IN A DANCE HALL JUST OFF TIMES SQUARE, TWO PARTNERS CHECK THEIR EVENING'S PROFIT.

NEARLY 90 BUCKS APiece! WE'VE HAD A GOOD NIGHT, TONEY!

HIC! -- YEAH... BUT LEFTY, WHAT CHANCE HAVE I TO GET AHEAD WITH MY EX-WIFE CLIPPING ME FOR TWO HUNDRED A WEEK IN ALIMONY?

MMH! THERE SHE IS NOW--- DANCING WITH HER BOY FRIEND!

HIC! WHY THE LITTLE RAT! BRINGING HIM HERE --- SPENDING MY DOUGH ON HIM--- JUST TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME!



SHE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'M GOIN' TO THROW'EM OUT OF HERE! HIC!

HOLD ON, TONEY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOIN' HOME! YOU ARE DRUNK!



HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST BOY COMICS YET—GET IT TODAY!



A POLICEMAN, SUMMONED FROM THE STREET, ENTERS THE DANCEHALL OFFICE...

THAT MAN OUT THERE IS DEAD!

YES! LET ME TELL YOU HOW THIS TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED.

LEFTY EXPLAINS THE DETAILS LEADING UP TO THE SHOOTING....

-- THEN HE COMPLAINED OF FEELING DIZZY.. AND ASKED ME TO GET HIM A SEDATIVE POWDER FROM THE DRUGSTORE...

-- I WENT DOWN THE BACK STAIRWAY AND HAD JUST REACHED THE STREET WHEN I HEARD THE SHOT! I HURRIED BACK AND FOUND HE HAD COLLAPSED ON THE SOFA!

MMM!

TONEY IS RIGHT HANDED ISN'T HE?

WHY... YES!

THEN LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED!

"YOU NEVER LEFT THIS OFFICE! AS SOON AS TONEY PASSED OUT YOU PUT ON HIS GLOVES AND GRABBED THE GUN!"

"AFTER YOU FIRED THE FATAL SHOT, YOU PUT A GLOVE ON TONEY'S LEFT HAND, PLACING THE PISTOL IN HIS BARE RIGHT SO HIS FINGERPRINTS WOULD BE ON THE ROD!"

"IT WAS A CLEVER JOB... BUT YOU OVERLOOKED ONE IMPORTANT DETAIL! THE PISTOL HAD BACKFIRED SLIGHTLY.... LEAVING THESE POWDER MARKS ON THE PISTOL GRIP... AND ON THE LEFT GLOVE! TONEY'S RIGHT HAND IS CLEAN! THAT PROVES THE GUN WAS FIRED BY A LEFT-HANDED MAN WEARING THAT GLOVE, LEFTY!"

YOU KNEW A MURDER RAP AGAINST TONEY WOULD GIVE YOU COMPLETE CONTROL OF THIS PROSPEROUS DANCEHALL! THAT'S ALL, BOYS! TAKE HIM AWAY!

HIC! LEFTY, OLE PAL, WILL YOU GET ME A POWDER? I FEEL LIKE...

SO DO I!



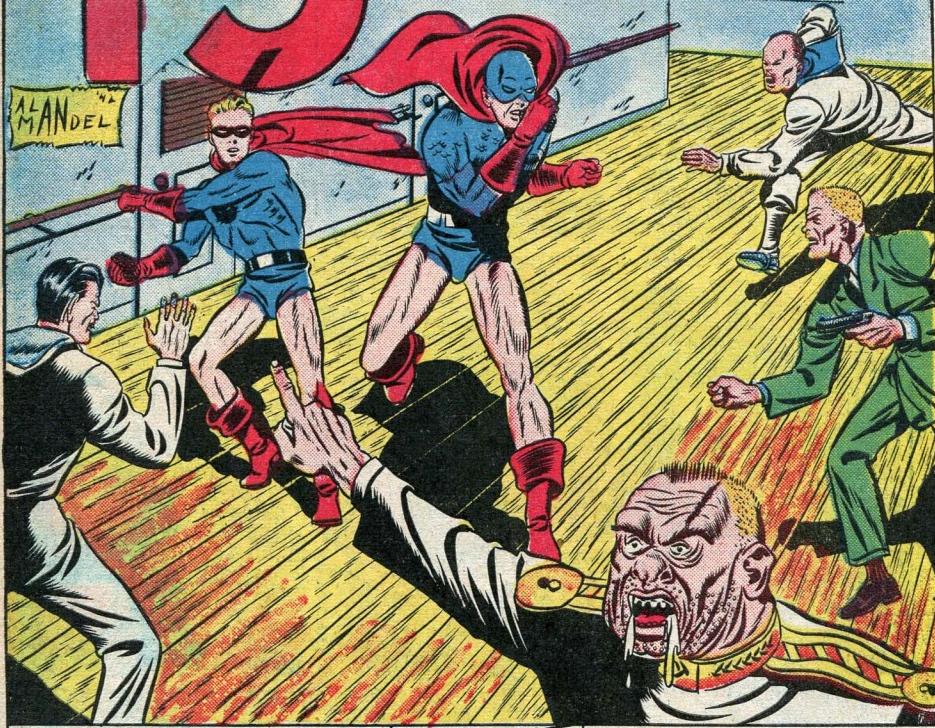
THE END.

HELP COMBAT CROOKS, READ 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'!

13

AND

JINX



JITTEREEN AND JINX STROLL THRU THE CITY WHILE WAITING FOR THE FOG TO LIFT....

JITTEREEN AND JINX STROLL THRU THE CITY WHILE WAITING FOR THE FOG TO LIFT....

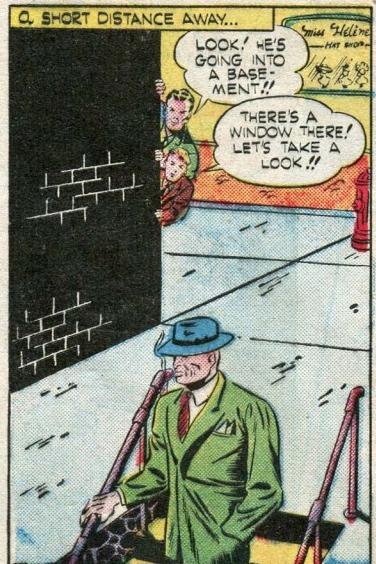
LOOKS LIKE A SWELL NIGHT FOR A MURDER!!

HAROLD LOOK!!

THAT LOOKS LIKE ONE NOW!!

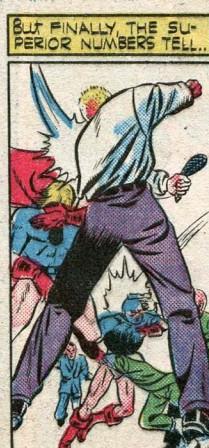


STICK TO COMIC HOUSE MAGAZINES, THEY'RE WHAT YOU WANT!





BUT SUDDENLY...



②
THE BEST COMIC BOOKS FOR YOU, DAREDEVIL, BOY, AND "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"

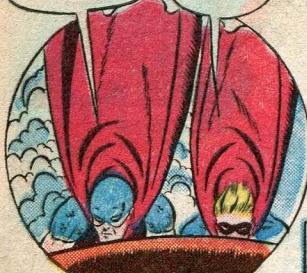


THIRTEEN AND JINX PURSUE THE LEAVING CAR AND LEAP ON IT...

LET'S DROP OFF. HE'S SLOWING UP. LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOING INTO THAT BARN!!

JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!!

YOU SAID IT!!



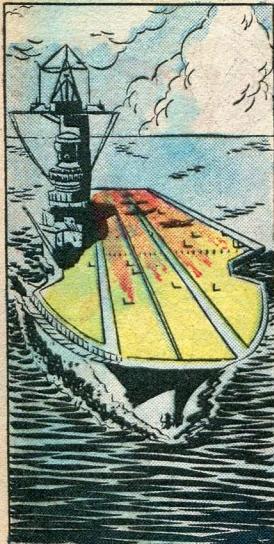
THIS ROPE LEADS TO THE HAYLOFT! WE CAN WATCH THEM FROM THERE!!

LOOK, THIRTEEN! HE'S UNCOVERING AN AIRPLANE



WITH THIRTEEN AND JINX ABOARD, THE HUGE PLANE TAKES OFF...

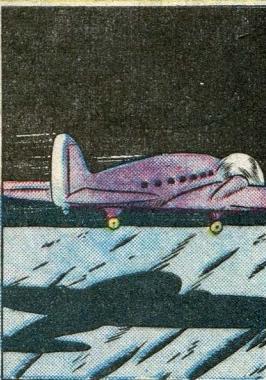
ON NIGHT FALLS, THE PLANE ALIGHTS ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER FAR OUT AT SEA....



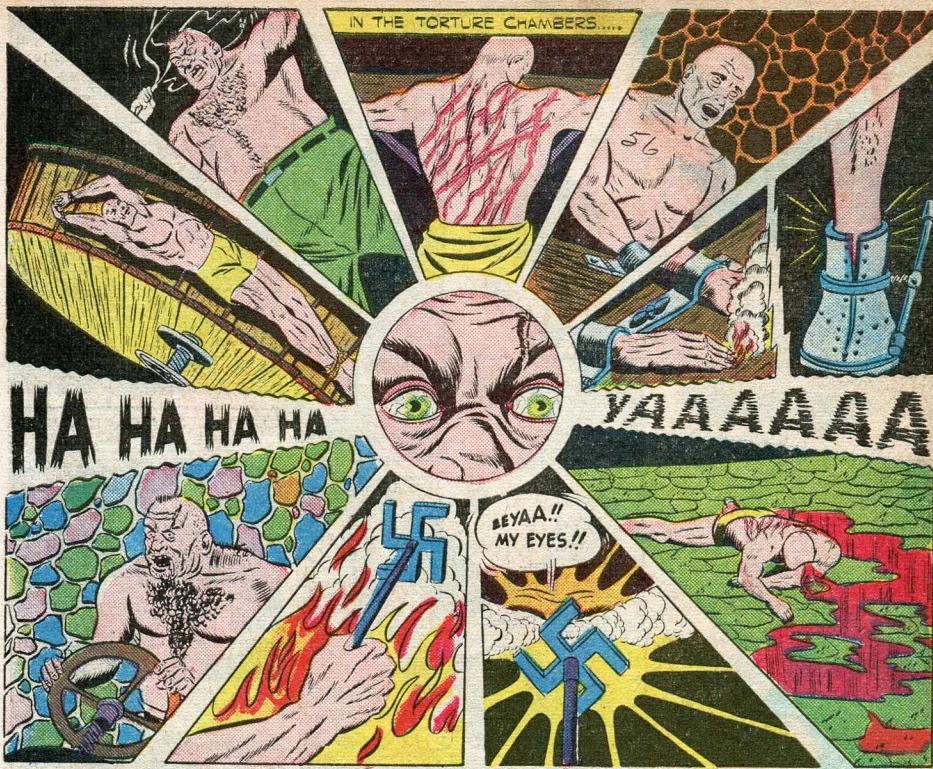
LATER AT THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE...

FOOL! WHY DID YOU LET THOSE YANKEE PIGS ESCAPE??

YOU SHALL LEARN THAT THE FUERHER DOES NOT TOLERATE BUNGLES! TAKE HIM TO THE TORTURE CHAMBERS!!



CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!



Meanwhile THIRTEEN AND JINK
HAVE BEEN EXPLORING THE SHIP
WHEN....



IF YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, READ BOY COMICS!



GET "CRIME DOES NOT PAY". SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!

SNIFFER

BY
HUBBELL
AND
DICK WOOD

WHAT'S DA
MATTER WID
YOUSE GUYS! DIS
AIN'T NO JOY RIDE!
WE GOTTA SINK
DAT JAP
BATTLESHIP!



AT THE MARINE BARRACKS,
SNIFFER AND THE DEADLY
DOZEN AWAIT ACTION...



ALL THE THRILLS OF TEN MAGAZINES IN "CRIME DOES NOT PAY"



IF YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY, READ BOY COMICS!

GENERAL BLOTHAM
YOU'LL BE PLEASED
WHEN YOU SEE OUR
TROOP 24! BEST
IN THE SERVICE!

R-E-A-L-L-Y!
CAN'T WE
DASH OVER AND
MEET THE
LADS NOW?

MY
WORD
!!

@XX!! @XX!!
IT'S THE DEADLY
DOZEN AGAIN!!

BARRACKS

HUMPH! FINE' THING!
THIS DOES IT, SNIFFER!
YOU AND THE DOZEN
ARE GOING IN
THE BRIG!

KEEP YA
SHOT ON! WE
WUZ JUST
PROTECTIN'
OURSELVES!

WHAT A NOIVE
DAT GUY'S GOT?
WE JOIN UP
TA FIGHT AND
DEY THROW
US IN JAIL
FOR IT!

SHUT UP! IF
YOU'RE SO TOUGH,
WHY DON'T YOU
JOIN THE COMMAND-
OS WHEN THEY
TOSS YOU OUT OF
HERE TOMORROW!

DAT'S IT! IF
THEY DON'T WANT
US HERE, WE'LL
SHOW 'EM SOME REAL
FIGHTING WITH THE
U.S. COMMANDOS!



A WEEK LATER FINDS SNIFFER AND
MOB ENROUTE TO COMMAND UNIT
AT SOME UNKNOWN PORT...

BOATS MAKE
ME SICK! DEY
OUGHTTA.. SNIFF
WHAT'S DAT?

HELP!!
PUFF HELP PUFF
HELP!!

STOP SHAK-
ING, LADY!
YOU'LL LOSE
YOUR JOB
WITH RING-
LING BROTH-
ERS!!

OH, THAT
AWFUL MAN!
QUICK TAKE
ME AWAY..
I.I THINK
I'M GOING TO
FAINT!!

WHAT'CHA
SCARIN' OLD
LADIES FOR,
SKULLY?

SHE'S NUTS.
I JUST
ASKED HER
FOR A
CIGARETTE!

THERE,
THERE!



GET 'CRIME DOES NOT PAY'. SHOW IT TO DAD, HE'LL LOVE IT!



HELP WIN THE WAR, BUY DEFENSE STAMPS NOW!





CRIME BUSTER'S MONKEY SEES EVIL, HEARS EVIL, AND HATES EVIL!

EXIT THE JAP BATTLESHIP...

FROM THE SHORE, A FLEET OF JAP TORPEDO BOATS SPEEDS OUT!

HAR! I WAS AFRAID
I WOULDN'T GET NO
TARGET PRACTICE
!!



FER CRIPE'S
SAKE GIVE DA
TUB SOME SPEED!
BEFORE WE
GET BARBECUED!

WELL GANG, WE
DONE IT! NOW
WE TAKE DA
BOAT HOME AND
KEEP DA \$20,000
AS A REWARD!

YEAH, WE DID
IT! BUT IF DIS
BOAT GETS
BACK TO PORT,
I'LL EAT IT!!

YEAH!
WE LEAK
LIKE A
SIEVE!



LATER...

SEE YA DOPE! I
TOLD YA WE
COULD GET HERE!
WHAT'S A LITTLE
LEAK!

IT'S THEM!
T.. THEY'RE
BACK
SAFE!

SUDDENLY...

NAW! A
LITTLE
LEAK
AIN'T
NOTHING!

AW.. SHUD
UP! WE'RE
HERE
AIN'T WE?

SNIFFER, YOU'RE A
HERO! ONE OF OUR
FLYERS SAW THE WHOLE
THING! SINKING THAT
BATTLESHIP WAS WORTH
A FLEET OF TORPEDO
BOATS!

AW, STOP
MUSHIN' AND
SLIP ME A
DRINK,
CAP!
MY
HERO!
SMACK



IF YOU LIKE PLENTY OF FAST MOVING ACTION, PLUS A COUPLE OF REAL SURPRISES, DON'T FORGET YOU HAVE A DATE WITH SNIFFER NEXT ISSUE!

MEET BOB WOOD



NINE YEARS AGO, a fifteen-year old blonde lad stepped up to home plate during his school's biggest baseball game and socked the first pitch into the stands for a home run. That youth was Bob Wood, and he's been knocking home runs ever since in the cartoon world. There is probably no more versatile a man in the comics today. Bob, if prompted, could put out an entire comic book from cover to cover with all the thousand and one details included. He can with equal effectiveness write his story, pencil it, ink it, and letter it. Often young artists ask: "Well, how does a feller get like you, Bob?" What art school should he go to? How long should he study? What style should he follow? The best answer to these questions is

to give you a slight idea of what Bob Wood has put behind him in his skyrocketing rise to success. In school, he divided his time between baseball, hockey and drawing. This went on until he received an offer from a major league ball club for a tryout. It was either take a pen or a bat. Bob took the pen. Wanting to prove to himself he hadn't made a mistake, Bob burned some midnight oil after this, and had his cartoons published by the *Boston Traveler*. This went on for a few months very nicely until he saw a *Popeye* Movie Cartoon that he thought was swell. Without further ado, Bob threw some clothes in a bag and burst into New York at the ripe old age of seventeen, to do *Popeye* and *Betty Boop* cartoons for the Max Fleisher Studios.

Bob didn't hit it off with the studio and soon resigned. He rushed back to the *Baked Bean City* dripping with ambition. If the Fleisher Studios could put out cartoons, so could he. Bob locked himself in an upstairs studio and, applying the knowledge he had gained, started the cartoon epic of the century

. Many weeks later the cartoon was finished —so was Bob. He had discovered that making twenty-four drawings for just a second's showing on the screen required a bit more than one boy with ambition. Deciding his set of 7,000 drawings, lasting three minutes on the screen, was not quite ready for Broadway, he sold it as an advertisement to a Boston restauranteur.

The day after it played at the local theatre, the restaurant tripled its business. The owner immediately wanted Bob to do another, but enough was plenty. With all haste Bob came back to New York City and entered the comic book business. This time he was here to stay. In the eventful years to follow, he took an active part in laying the foundation which carried the comic field into the publishing limelight of our day. A short time later he teamed up with his old pal, Charlie Biro, and you know the rest . . .

THE END

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